COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME I. COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883. NUMBER 44. 45

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Overcoats and Ulsters

At Less than Cost of Raw Material to Manufacture.

It will pay you to buy one and lay it by for next season, if you don't want it this season. During January, we will make special prices on the remaining OVERCOATS and ULSTERS to close the season before our annual Stock taking.

Men's Grey Beaver Overcoats,	$1.50 former price $5.00
Men's All Wool Beavers at	$3.75 former price $8.00
Men's All Wool Beaver Ulsters at	$5.00 worth $10.00
Children's Overcoats,	$1.00 worth $2.50

All our fine Overcoats, several styles, marked down from $20 to $10

Genuine Jap. Wolf Robes

Worth $10.00, to close, at $6.00.

Horse Blankets and Lap Robes

At your own prices. THEY MUST BE SOLD.

Our entire Stock marked down at IMMENSE REDUCTION from former prices to effect Immediate Sale

We intend this sale to eclipse anything in the way of low prices we have ever offered since our advent in this section of the country. We can give you better bargains and more for your money than any other Store in the County.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE,

ROCKLAND.

One door south of Post Office.

JOHN B. FOUHY.

C. W. SPARRELL,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director,

South Scituate, - Mass.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, and everything used in the burial of the dead, always on hand.

Particular attention given to'aying out and preserving bodies in the most approved manner.

Having been to a great expense am now prepared to furnish one of the best Hearse furniture in Plymouth county and will give personal attention to directing funerals.

Having had twenty-five years experience, I feel confident I can give perfect satisfaction in all business entrusted to me, and at the lowest prices. Samples of different styles can be seen at any time at my warerooms where I should be pleased to show them.

Residence on Central St. near E. T Fogg's Store.

South Scituate July 20th, 1882.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PLYMOUTH, SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and other persons interested in the estate of Maria F. Hines late of Scituate in said county, deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and codicil of said deceased has been presented to said court, for Probate, by Edward F. Hines who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate court to be holden at Brockton in said county of Plymouth, on the second Monday of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the South Shore Herald printed at Scituate, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said court.

Witness WILLIAM H. WOOD, Esquire, Judge of said court, this eighth day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

DANIEL E. DAMON, Register.

24-3t

PAPER HANGINGS

GREAT BARGAINS!

A large stock of the latest Styles of Paper Hangings, Borders, Decorations, Picture Mouldings, Hangings, etc., retailing for one-third less than any other store in Boston.

T. F. SWAN,

No. 12 Cornhill - - Boston.

dec 16-1y

Selectmen's Notice.

Persons having bills against the town of Cohasset, are requested to present them to either of the selectmen for settlement, on or before MONDAY, Feb. 5, 1883.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP, PHILANDER BATES, CALEB F. NICHOLS, } Selectmen of Cohasset.

Cohasset, Jan. 15, 1883. 3t

Cohasset Drug Store,

FRANK W. BROWNE,

DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY

Cor. Elm and Brook Streets,

COHASSET, - MASS.

☞ Physician's Prescriptions, carefully prepared at all hours of Night or Day.

Z. RICH,

FUNERAL and FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Elm St., COHASSET,

Would respectfully inform the public, that, having made arrangements with one of the largest wholesale houses in New England he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every thing pertaining to the business, of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices. Also on hand for the convenience of his customers one of the

Crosby Celebrated Invalid Bedstead, the most perfect article of the kind ever yet invented.

Orders can be left at his house at any hour in the year and will receive prompt attention. 43-1y

PHILANDER BATES,

DEALER IN

Men's, Women's Boys', Misses & Children's

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM WORK.

☞ Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Elm St., . . Cohasset, Mass.

6t

COHASSET

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

OF COHASSET, MASS.

MARTIN LINCOLN, President.

J. Q. A. LOTHROP, Secretary.

This Company insures on Dwelling houses and their contents, Barns and private Stables and better class of risks. If you wish to insure, please call on our agents in Scituate, Jetson Wade or Hon. E. T. Fogg of South Scituate, Aaron Pratt, Esq., Beechwood.

Cohasset, Jan. 6, 1883. 1y

NEWCOMB BATES

DEALER IN

Newspapers, Periodicals

Magazines, Stationery, etc.

COHASSET, - - MASS.,

A supply of reading Matter, Weekly and Daily Papers, Music, etc., on hand as soon as published. 8 6m

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

NORFOLK SS. PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the Estate of Thomas Smith late of Cohasset in said County deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, Ann Maria Cutler the Executrix of the will of said deceased, has presented for Allowance the first account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Quincy in said County, on the Second Wednesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said Accountant is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks in the Cohasset Cottager a newspaper printed at Cohasset the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

WITNESS, GEORGE WHITE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three.

43-3t JONATHAN COBB, Register.

Cohasset Savings Bank,

At the annual meeting of the Cohasset Savings Bank held January 8, 1883, the following named persons were elected officers for the ensuing year, and have accepted their several offices, viz.: Martin Lincoln, President; John W. Bates, Vice-President; Levi N. Bates, Clerk; Martin Lincoln, John W. Bates, J. Q. A. Lothrop, Zachariah Rich, Newcomb Bates, Louis S. Lincoln, Morgan Stetson, Abraham H. Tower, Newcomb B. Tower, Philander Bates, Joshua W. Davis, Alfred Whittington, Loring Bates and Charles H. Willard, Trustees. L. N. BATES, Clerk.

The following named persons constitute the Board of Investment for the ensuing year, viz.: Martin Lincoln, (President,) John W. Bates and Louis N. Lincoln.

L. N. BATES, Clerk.

Cohasset, Feb. 3, 1883.

Saint Anthony,

Minneapolis, Minn.

PILLSBURYS BEST XXXX

AMERICAN 196 Patent HAXALL

Milled expressly for the best City Trade.

$7.50 per Barrel.

DELIVERED ANYWHERE.

I believe the AMERICAN HAXALL to be the best of the so called

Roller Process Flours.

TRY IT

Particular Excellence claimed for

Teas and Coffees

GEO. BAKER,

MARSHFIELD. 12

E. O'N. Eckert, M.D.

HOMŒOPATHIST,

MARSHFIELD, - MASS.

Office Hours: 3 to 5 P. M.

FRANK C. PRATT,

HAIR DRESSER,

RAZORS Honed. Shampooing and Dying a specialty. All work done to order. Opposite L. P. Hatch's store, o14tf

MARSHFIELD, MASS.

G. D. DAMON,

Manufacturer of

Confectionery and Ice Cream

NO. MARSHFIELD, MASS.

Canned Meats and Fruits in great variety. Catering for parties, fairs, etc., faithfully attended to. oct14tf

JUDSON EWELL,

BLACKSMITH,

E. Marshfield, Mass.

Jobbing and New Work given prompt attention. Also.

HORSE CLIPPING

Done with the Improved American Machine at short notice. 2-6m

B. J. WILSON,

HOUSE, SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTER,

MARSHFIELD, - MASS.

The best of work and moderate prices guaranteed. Give me a trial. o14tf

LOW PRICES!

Furniture, Mattresses, Oil and Straw Carpets.

☞ Our Furniture Hall is full, and Assortment complete.

E. W. HALL & CO.

East Marshfield.

o6t4-6m

Cohasset Cottager,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT COHASSET, MASS.

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price $2 per year.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

NEWCOMB BATES - AGENT

COHASSET.

The third entertainment in the Peoples' Course was given Friday night, it being Mr. Frederic A. Ober's lecture on Mexico. The hall was filled by an audience which gave the lecturer the closest attention during the hour and twenty minutes of the entertainment. Mr. Ober's lecture was delivered in a pleasing manner, and the interest in it was heightened by the beautiful stereopticon views which illustrated his descriptions. By means of these an excellent idea was formed of the scenery, productions, public buildings and inhabitants of Mexico, and of the pursuits and daily life of its people. The great interest which is taken in Mexico and the Mexicans, at this time made this lecture particularly opportune and gave to our people an excellent opportunity of acquainting themselves with the subject in a most enjoyable manner.

The following specimen of letterwriting was handed us the other day with the intimation that it might interest the readers of the COTTAGER. We reproduce it as nearly as we are able but the engravers hand is needed to do it justice. The names and places are fictitious:—

New York, Dec. 10th 1878.

Messes Smith & Brown

Gentle men

your letter of the 9 is at hand All Sow talagram that the Schr Carrie had arived all rite that takes a grait Load of of my mind i Shell in dorse the Charter Partey over to Mr. John Smith for him to colect i will have to gite about 3 hundred dolers hear Sow that i can give Capt Robinson Sume and the Balans you will pay him as Soone as you gite the fralte wlich they say will bee Soone and iwill Rite you from pensecola wat iwant you to pay out of the money times is of Le dull hear and i cannot git Ency Ofer at all hear Onley $20 dolers to Riow If you think the vesill had ought to gow thair iwill gow But you will have to rite me So that thair will hee now Foll found with me after words will Leave hear to morrow for Pensecola yours Res pecitufly

Isaac Spellwell.

The extra entertainment which the managers announce for Feb. 15th, will probably be the finest of the whole course. Miss Janie Savage the well known reader, Miss Marion Osgood, violinist, and Mr. John Thomas, humorous singer, have been engaged. All these artists are of the first rank in their professions and it is owing to the lateness of the season that the management have been able to secure their services.

The following clipped from Puck will be of interest to those of our lady readers who are racking their brains over an appropriate costume for the coming masquerade:—"Why don't you powder yourself with granulated sugar and go as a gum drop? Why don't you pepper yourself with peanuts and go as a hunk of taffy? Dye your hair green and be a mermaid. Put your feet in a Saratoga trunk and pass yourself off for a Chicago girl. Flute your arms and represent a hairpin. Put yourself on springs and personate a yeast-cake. Put on a life preserver and be a daisy. Dress yourself up in the new code and go as the Genius of Liberty. Put a key in your ear and go as a clock. Cut your hair and go as a moss bank.

We copy the following notice from the Boston *Herald* thinking that it may be of interest to those of our people who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hamilton lecture here last month:

Mrs. Julia Battelle Hamilton, wife of Rev. J. W. Hamilton, pastor of the People's Church of this city, died at her residence, corner of Berkley street and Columbus ave., Jan. 19. Mrs. Hamilton was the daughter of Rev. Gordon Battelle, D. D., of Virginia, and was born at Charleston, that state, May 27, 1850. She was married Dec. 24, 1874, at Covington, Ky., by Bishop Gilbert Haven, to Rev. J. W. Hamilton, who was at the time pastor of the Temple Street Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. Since then she has shared the arduous labors of her husband in his struggle to build a church for the masses. The task she took upon herself was self imposed, and she has broken down under the weight. Mrs. Hamilton was a lady of rare accomplishments, modest and quiet. Her husband will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends

ODD UPHOLSTERY. Chairs, Sofas, Divans, of French and Turkish designs, at bargain in the Warerooms of PAINE'S Furniture Manufactory, 48 Canal St., opposite Revere & Main depot.—[Boston Journal.

ABOUT TOWN.

A full house turned out to greet the Rossini Quartette last evening.

At a masquerade in New York the tickets are put at $10 per couple. They will have no better time however than those who patronize our masquerade here.

Independence Fire Engine Co. gave its annual ball Thursday evening at the Town Hall.

Notice of the Cohasset Savings Bank in another column.

We have to add the name of Miss Betsey Kent, aged 81 years, 6 months to our list of octogenarians, still keeping the number at thirty-five. The list has attracted a great deal of attention in other towns, but we have heard of no attempts to equal it. We shall be pleased to receive any name that should be on the list.

Rev. Mr. Yager preached to his parishioners for the last time as their regular preacher on Sunday. He will be heard here once more the last Sunday in April.

Mr. Wm Eddy's dog was run over by the cars on Monday.

The Plymouth and Bay Conference of Unitarian Churches was held at Brockton, Thursday. The following delegates were sent by the First Church: Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ellms, Mrs. Grace Merriam, Miss Josephine Merriam, Mr. E. E. Tower and wife, Newcomb Bates, Martha B. Bates, Mr. N. B. Tower and wife, C. Lothrop and sister.

The monthly tea party of the Ladies' Charitable Society of the First Parish has been postponed till next Wednesday evening.

Letters remaining in the Post Office February 1st: Mr. Beal, C. N. Morrison, Mrs. David B. Tower, John S. Perry.

Miss Nellie Hall, daughter of Mr. Henry K. Hall, was married January 25th at Leattle, W. T., to Fred E. Sander. The ceremony took place in the Trinity Episcopal Church and the reception at the Arlington House.

BEECHWOOD,

The Dramatic entertainment which was to have been held Tuesday evening was postponed indefinitely.

The fair held last week was well patronized. Tuesday evening the entertainment was singing. On Wednesday evening the vestry was crowded, Thursday evening there were nearly as many, the entertainment was a dramatic dialogue, "The Midshipman," by Mrs. Addie L. Bogues, Walter J. Stoddard, J. O. Litchfield, and Misses Nettie G. Bogues, Anna King, and Esther Damon, Mr. L. Webster Bates was presented with a copy of the "Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song", and Miss Ella M. Bates with a toilet set. Wednesday evening the barge Gen. Bates, East Weymouth, brought a load. Oysters and ice cream were furnished the second and last evenings. Ladies, concealed by sheets, were auctioned off by L. W. Cook, the second evening. The last evening they were not concealed. The bidding was quite animated, some of the ladies bringing $1 50.

SCITUATE CENTRE.

The ladies of the Congregational Society will hold a festival in Jenkins' hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 13. Full particulars in next week's HERALD.

Mrs. Martha G. Brown, who has been spending the winter with her daughter in Essex, returned to her home last Thursday.

The danger of carrying dinner in a tard pail was illustrated last Wednesday when a boy caught up what he supposed was his dinner pail and started for school. Imagine his surprise when upon opening it for a lunch he found it filled with lard instead of dinner.

Rev. Will C. Wood will preach at the Congregational Church next Sabbath, subject: "Will God give a man who has continued wicked till death another probation after death?" In the evening the pastor will read an interesting account by Mr. Fay, formerly U. S. Consul at Berne, Switzerland, of the death of his wife, Mrs. Laura Fay.

MARRIED.

In Scituate, Feb. 1, by Rev. N. Seaver, Mr. Charles H. Vinal and Miss Ida Fernald, both of Scituate.

In Beechwood, January 24, by Rev. Will C. Wood, Mr. William L. Litchfield and Miss Gerald M. Nell.

In Plymouth, Jan. 18, by Rev. George A. Tewksbury, Miss Mary F. Prall, of Philadelphia, to Joseph Hanpt, of Plymouth.

In Plymouth, January 20, by Rev. Geo. Tewksbury, Miss Content C. Dolen to Herbert L. Griffin, both of Plymouth.

In Plymouth, January 23, by Rev. Geo. A. Tewksbury, Miss Jennie McLean to Duncan McLennan, both of Plymouth.

In Plymouth, Jan. 18, by Rev. Walter J. Yates, Miss Minnie Cady to William A. Dinman, all of Plymouth.

In Plympton, January 17, by Rev. J. M. Mace, Mrs. Sarah Murphy to Charles H. Ripley, both of Plympton.

DIED.

In Chelsea, Jan. 28, Hannah, wife of E. F. Tilden, 68 years, 11 months, 21 days.

In Pembroke, Jan. 18, Michael Howland, 82 years, 18 days.

In Hanover, Jan. 18, Miss Rebecca Simmons, 59 years.

NORTH SCITUATE.

THE TWO LITTLE SINGERS.

They stood within the crowded hall
And sang in tones both sweet and clear,
Their voices on my ear did fall
Like music from another sphere.

For O it seemed as if they strayed
Away from some bright angel band!
I fancied upon them was laid
Softly a guardian angel's hand.

May He who gave this gift so rare,
Music's sweet power to soothe and charm,
Their feet for life's rough paths prepare
And lead them by His mighty arm.

Dear little boys, when you shall hear
Your Father say to you "Come higher!"
May your sweet voices loud and clear
Be heard amid the Heavenly choir.

S. C. N.

Shoe business dull—look out for a shut down.

Mr. Daniel Stoddard has recently purchased a new Smith Victoria Organ.

Dr. N. P. Smith of Boston gave a spiritual talk at Mr. Joseph Gannett's last Thursday.

Mr. Israel Litchfield, who has been sick for several days is now on the mending hand.

The many friends of Mrs. Alfred A. Seaverns, will be glad to learn that she is recovering from her late severe illness.

Bessie Clapp, who has been quite sick for nearly a month, is better and we hope her schoolmates will soon have the pleasure of seeing her among them again.

The net proceeds of the concert for the cemetery was $45.10, which with the amounts given by different individuals ($13.75) makes a total of $58.85 net balance.

The prayer meetings at Sherman's Corner are increasing in interest, About 75 were present at the prayer meeting held at Lewis Brown's Tuesday evening.

Last Thursday evening a reception was tendered to Rev. Theodore Sheppard in the vestry of the Baptist Church. The pastor was presented with a parlor stove, a roll of greenbacks and a great abundance of fruits and vegetables. Dea. Geo. W. Bailey made the presentation speech, which was responded to in a very happy manner by the pastor, after which the company were treated by H. A. Seaverns. The music for the occasion was furnished by the Baptist choir.

We understand that the rumored sale of the Collier Estate for $30,000 is incorrect, as the agent for the St. Louis Co., D. J. Bates, Esq., offered that amount for the whole property, but they declined to sell but the square field opposite Mitchell's for that sum. We hope our assessors will have an eye towards that field on the next valuation day for if a bona fide offer has been made of the above sum for the whole estate and they claim the value of $30,000 for the field only, why would it not be competent for the town to instruct the assessors at the annual meeting to tax said property for 83 per cent. of their valuation, say $25,000, it would be just and would relieve those who are struggling to pay a tax on their mortgaged homesteads.

Our attention has been called to the excellent article in your last by Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., on Liquor Selling in this town. The Model Village of North Scituate sends him, through you, the greeting of God speed, for now the key note has been struck, let its music touch every temperance voter's apathy and arouse new life for the suppression of an unmitigated wrong.

Let's right the wrong that seeks to drown
The affection by the curse of rum,
And voting strong without fear or frown,
Follow up the work that's well begun.

Don't strike a blow against that foe
And hesitate to see it falter,
It is of hydra breed you know,
To conquer all, the final slaughter.

Then place the ballot with its sting
And gird the armor for the fight
And make Old Scituate's welkin ring,
Echoing wrong is vanquished by the right.

And when the sound is wafted far
And the king has fallen from the throne,
In that time of peace prepare for war,
Ready for orders to be marching on.

The singing of those two little boys in the concert last Wednesday evening was a decided "hit."

Glad we know when "Hatchet Rock" was put in Foster's pasture. Didn't know but what it was always there.

They say a new business firm has just been formed—Anthony and Litchfield—for the sale of fish and oysters. Well, success to them.

Mr. Chas. H. Bailey and Gridley Bryant, Esq., of Boston, each sent a donation to the cemetery fund upon seeing a notice of it in the SOUTH SHORE HERALD.

The general verdict seems to be that the concert last week was a decided success, and those who took part as well as those who got it up deserve great credit for the treat they gave the community.

ROLL TOP DESKS. A very convenient desk of this pattern furnished at low prices, wholesale or retail, at Paine's Manufactory, 48 Canal street and 14t Friend.—[Boston Journal.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS

Executed at the

Cohasset Cottager OFFICE.

NEW PRINTS

AND

DRESS GOODS

MEN'S and BOYS'

GENUINE WOONSOCKET

Pure Gum Boots

CLOTHES WRINGERS

Universal, Eureka,

Novelty and Excelsior.

A good supply bought at the late extreme low prices. No person now living ever saw a better time than the past season has been for buying one of these

LABOR, TIME, MONEY AND CLOTHES SAVERS.

Our prices are lower than ever before, and so low that there is now no excuse for any one to half do their work without a good Clothes Wringer.

FIFTY BARRELS

Of this old reliable brand of Flour,

"ROCKY BLUFF"

Just received in Store House. Now is the time to buy enough to last SIX MONTHS.

Speaking of FLOUR,

leads us to say that we do not quote the price of our "Star Mills" at $7.50 per barrel because it is the lowest figures to be named for a barrel of flour. We have flour that we sell for less and some that we have to get more for. The "Star Flour is running very evenly and giving the best of satisfaction every time. We will match it against any flour in the market, without regard to the price. Please watch the market reports and see what the tendency in price is.

H. A. SEAVERNS & CO.

North Scituate.

RUMORED

That the license men are to make a desperate effort to carry the vote in their favor at the next town meeting.

That they will not succeed.

That the clothes lines were all down last Sabbath.

That no bruises were seen Monday from the effects of too much "clothes line."

A Card of Thanks.

The undersigned hereby return their hearty thanks to all those who so willingly and freely assisted them in the concert for the benefit of Groveland Cemetery; to Mr. Benjamin Wilder for the free use of his Hall; to Mr. Daniel W. Stoddard and all those associated with him in Song; to Mr. Waldo F. Bates and the musicians associated with him, and to any and all those who contributed to the success of the entertainment.

GEO. L. NEWCOMB, HENRY MERRITT, HENRY A. SEAVERNS, } Committee.

No. Scituate, Jan. 25, 1883.

TAILORING.

FALL and WINTER

of 1882 and 1883.

Grand Display of

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

English Fancy Worsteds,
Silk Mixed Bannockburns,
Mohair Spotted Suitings,
Scotch Cheviots,
Tinsel Suitings, Cassimeres, &c.

for FALL and WINTER WEAR. Made up in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

CHAS. E. GIFFORD,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

DALY'S BLOCK. ROCKLAND, MASS

Now is the time to subscribe.

Scituate

Drug Store

A FULL LINE OF

Drugs, Toilet Articles

Patent Medicines,

Oranges, Figs,

Dates, Nuts,

Choice Cigars and Tobacco

constantly on hand.

W. P. RICHARDSON, Druggist.

Chubuck & Co.

Scituate Harbor,

Announce that the citizens of Scituate need not go out of town to buy

FLOUR

—AT—

$7.50 per Barrel,

For they have a good brand which they are selling for that price.

Call and Examine.

Special Notice.

The First Annual Meeting of the Scituate Harbor Village Improvement Society will be held at Union Hall, SATURDAY evening, Feb. 3d, at 7½ o'clock. A full attendance of members and all others interested in the good work, is earnestly requested.

Per order,

ELLA W. COOKE

Secretary.

MY MARRIAGE.

This is the title of an intensely interesting serial story commenced in this paper with the new year. It will run for a few weeks and will, we are sure, give universal satisfaction to the reading public.

This story if published in book form would make a popular 25 volume.

Our subscribers will be hard to save their files of our paper that this story is completed, for all the family will surely want to read it.

My Marriage.

(Continued.)

"We sees you sadly, my child, he says pensively. "When I came home a month ago, I almost resolved to bury without my little madcap, that I was not going when Bobbyeen took me off to London again.

"You have Bee now," I remark, thinking of the present he sent me on my marriage—a gold bracelet studded with emeralds—and the last letter of congratulation and good wishes, he who has shed tears of blood yet always and made you happy," with the postscript—"I shall never have another friend like my little madcap."

"Yes, I have Bee," he says quite cheerfully, turning to my little fifteenth sister, "and she is nearly as great a madcap as yourself, Madgie."

Jack thinks he has been kept out of the one versation long enough.

"I say, isn't it time we were getting home?" The Colonel looks at his watch.

"Half-past eight, and I came out to get mushrooms, but you young people beguiled me!—Come, children, we have breakfast at Ashurst. Kate will be glad to see you, and I must have a talk with Mrs. Carstairs."

"Don't call me that!" I cry out quickly.

"Why? Isn't it your name?"—in a tone of amused surprise.

"Yes, but call me Madgie, 'madcap' anything—any of my old names," I say in a pleading whisper.

He stops down, and his few spoken words are full of pain.

"Child, I am sorry indeed you like this.

"Oh, it is so pretty, lovely name!" I cry, and swing away across the grass to gather three broad white mushrooms.

I have gained fully a minute to shake back the tears, and then I am smiling, careless "madcap" again, holding up my trophies as the other come up.

"Look at those beauties, and they were arranged in a ring! I am sure the fairies were here last night."

And all the way home I keep up a laugh and set them all laughing at my mad nonsense. And I think it better to smile, to hide the pain, to show a gay face to the world; for I can bear anything but the grave pity in my old friends' face. By-and-by I know he will have a serious talk with my husband, but papa I can be as merry as I will, and bestow kiss after kiss, and I am the blissful state of ecstatic happiness that is generally supposed to be the chief feature of newly-married life.

"Do you remember the day you met me first?" I ask, looking up at him as we turn in at the gates of Ashurst.

"I remember it well," he answers, smiling. "And I wish I had a picture of you standing, looking at me, defiant, pleading, and mischievous all in one."

"I was dreadfully frightened," I say, laughing, thinking of that day so many years ago, when Colonel Trevanion caught Lena. Bee and me coming, pleasantly enough for practical joking. At first sight of the Colonel's face Bee and Lena took to their heels, got over the wire fencing, and few like hunted hares across the field, leaving me with my hands full of pheasants' eggs. I turned and stood at bay.

"He can't eat me, and I am sure strike a girl," I said to myself, as he approached, assuming gigantic proportions to my childish eyes.

He looked at the eggs, at me in my pigmy defiance, and then said, in what seemed to my guilty consciences an awful voice—

"Your name, little girl?"

To divulge my name meant disgrace to the whole family, so I looked up at him, and answered meekly, "I won't tell you," and then cast a look behind to see that my companions in mischief had escaped. They were out of sight, and I breathed freely. "Take me to prison, sir, if you like; but I won't tell my name, not if they kill me."

Then he made the following remarkable observation—

"Upon my soul, you are the prettiest little girl I have ever seen, and the most daring!" And then he smiled and bent his tall figure till his face was on a level with mine. "Don't be frightened, little one; I am not going to hurt you."

The smile and the kind voice stopped the mad thumping of my heart, and, when he held out his hand, I put mine into it, and the stolen eggs found a resting-place in the long grass.

"Do you like plum cake?" he said next, holding up hand in a long grass. "Will will you come up to the house and eat some?"

Very gravely, half doubting, I went with him; and, before an hour had passed, our friendship had commenced. Before I went away I told him my name, and he only said very gently—

"The next time you are in want of pheasants' eggs, come and ask for them, my child."

After that a message was often sent for "Miss Madgie," and then I groom with a pony for my special use, and I was always the dear old Colonel's friend and favorite. We used to have rides together, such jokes and nonsense, and he was always so indulgent and so kind.

But now I am his enemy "madcap" no longer. I belong to Humphrey, and Bee fills up my place in my old friend's heart.

I think Miss Trevanion is a little surprised when we all troop in at such an early hour. But it is not the first time the Colonel has brought us home to breakfast, and she greets us very kindly.

"You will forgive my not having called on you, Madgie," she says. "But I seldom go out now."

"But why should you call on me? I am Mrs. Carstairs, and I think you are slightly rude to call me Madgie, and I will do the same. I shall always refer to my present state, 'Oh, because I am married, I suppose!' And with these words I laugh right merrily, I flatter myself. 'Do you know, Miss Trevanion, I hate all this ceremony, and I feel I ought to be formal and stiff. Please forget that I am married, and treat me this morning just if I was Madgie Alison still.'

She laughs, and brings the whole thing to a little joke, but I catch a quick look from Bee and Trevanion, and Bee's face is crimson.

"Kate, is breakfast ready?" he says. "These children are starving, and so am I.

We are all very merry over our breakfast, which is laid, not in the long dining-room, all oak panels and family pictures, but in the sunny cheerful little breakfast-room.

Miss Trevanion is an invalid, and frequents every room that can catch a single sunbeam. She is pale, fatal pale my poor Bee, with that patient sorrowful look of consumptives that comes in the after years through long suffering, when eyes that have been wept can smile again. People say she has been disappointed, and has never since been the same. I think it is those who are married who have the disappointment after all, and I wonder at the faraway wistful gaze of the gentle, patient creature who has had her life cobbered for a year's sake. It is very strange, and I, whose heart has never stirred to man's voice yet, cannot understand. There is one time to follow out the idea now, for it behooves me to talk and make myself present, so I try for it I succeed that Miss Trevanion remarks—

"Your spirits are as high as ever, Madgie."

"Higher, I think," I say, smiling, and she not look down his table at the Colonel sitting behind the urn, for those two searching glances of his say too much for me this morning.

"Did you bring many pretty things from Paris?"

Miss Trevanion smiles, as she speaks, evidently thinking the subject a delightful one for me.

"I brought dresses that nearly drove Lena wild—long silk things," I answer—"and bonnets and hats, I think it amused Humphrey, my buying them. And I have brace etc and other things he got for me."

"He must be very generous."

"She is trying to draw me out.

"I suppose all husbands are so," I answer, with a half-sought little pang, and there something within me cries out against the injustice I am doing my husband, and I say, with a sudden change of manner, "He is generous and good to me, and everything I am I owe to him."

It is but right and proper that I, a few months old wife, should think my husband a demi-god, and yet, as I look round at them and speak of the nobleness of his character, I am thinking what a wretched, pitiful thing the marriage of mine is.

"Why did not Mr. Carstairs come with you this morning, dear?"

"He did not come because I wanted to have one day with Bee and Jack; and so we ran away."

"Very dismal conduct for a married lady. He had not turned you yet, Madgie," she says, laughing.

I exclaim, with more truth than prudence—

"Oh, please don't remind me that I am married! I wonder day let me try to forget the fact."

I laugh as I speak, but the laugh dies away on my lips. There is a little stir behind, and I turn and see my husband standing in the doorway. Our eyes meet, and I know by the pained reproach of look in Humphrey's face that my last speech has been overheard, and that the careless words have gone home and when I look away I see another thing, and know that Colonel Trevanion has seen and understood.

Papa is with Humphrey. I hear papa telling the Colonel that the lodge-keeper informed them we were at Ashurst. That he introduces Humphrey, and they are all talking, and I feel a weight at my heart, and start when Humphrey speaks to me, and I send a look at him, intending to convey a world of sorrowful repentance, which he seems to understand, for a softer expression steals over his face.

"Was the mushroom-hunt a success?" he asks.

And I say "Yes" gravely, with the conviction stealing over me that it is useless to try to be what I think he desires for my mainly-reckless or merry rattle can ever be the same again.

Then Miss Trevanion draws Humphrey into conversation, and I hear her extolling the sweetness and naturalness of my character, and I think it better to smile, to hide the pain, to show a gay face to the world; for I can bear anything but the grave pity in my old friends' face. By-and-by I know he will have a serious talk with my husband, but papa I can be as merry as I will, and bestow kiss after kiss, and I am the blissful state of ecstatic happiness that is generally supposed to be the chief feature of newly-married life.

"Do you remember the day you met me first?" I ask, looking up at him as we turn in at the gates of Ashurst.

"I remember it well," he answers, smiling. "And I wish I had a picture of you standing, looking at me, defiant, pleading, and mischievous all in one."

"I was dreadfully frightened," I say, laughing, thinking of that day so many years ago, when Colonel Trevanion caught Lena, Bee and me coming pleasantly enough for practical joking. At first sight of the Colonel's face Bee and Lena took to their heels, got over the wire fencing, and flew like hunted hares across the field, leaving me with my hands full of pheasants' eggs. I turned and stood at bay.

"He can't eat me, and I am sure strike a girl," I said to myself, as he approached, assuming gigantic proportions to my childish eyes.

He looked at the eggs, at me in my pigmy defiance, and then said, in what seemed to my guilty consciences an awful voice—

"Your name, little girl?"

To divulge my name meant disgrace to the whole family, so I looked up at him, and answered meekly, "I won't tell you," and then cast a look behind to see that my companions in mischief had escaped. They were out of sight, and I breathed freely. "Take me to prison, sir, if you like; but I won't tell my name, not if they kill me."

Then he made the following remarkable observation—

"Upon my soul, you are the prettiest little girl I have ever seen, and the most daring!" And then he smiled and bent his tall figure till his face was on a level with mine. "Don't be frightened, little one; I am not going to hurt you."

The smile and the kind voice stopped the mad thumping of my heart, and, when he held out his hand, I put mine into it, and the stolen eggs found a resting-place in the long grass.

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"Higher, I think," I say, smiling, and she

standing to let us pass out. I am last, and he stops and whispers—

"That was hard on you, Madgie, and unjust."

I look into his face wistfully.

"I am sorry you heard it, Humphrey; you must have a little opinion of us all."

His fingers rest a moment, and speaks again.

"I wish I could think you cared for my opinion."

And then the white gate slams, and we follow Bee and Lena along the sunny road. "I think Lena is sorry for what she said, for her manner is soft and gentle during the rest of the walk, and the vexation at being badly dressed seems to have worn away. Bee never cares one straw what she has on, and walks along with her free graceful step, and her merry gipsy face wreathed with smiles, though her hat is shabby and her boots and gloves are not all that might be desired.

We take the footpath through the fields in preference to the dusty road, and Bee sings carelessness snatches of song in her rich sweet voice, and takes the tumbled roses out of her hat, twists a bunch of scarlet berries in instead and leaves the old roses swinging light and dry on a bumble-shoot. Oh, my sweet high-hearted sister! Is it in the after-life we shall yearn to hear your voice in the happy cadence of old.

With her bright sparkling eyes and the red berries in her hat, she looks like a picture, Humphrey tells her so, and Bee blushes and laughs. And so we reach Ashurst, a pleasant limpid place.

The Colonel is watching for us on the hall-door steps.

"Would you you like to walk in the garden?" he says. "And, children, the breakfast-court is ready if any of you care for a game."

The Colonel is very fond of tennis, and plays very with so we assent joyfully, and an hour afterwards throw ourselves down, hot and exhausted, on the warm grass. Bee's trunk looks are in what direction, and Lena's face is many shades deeper than its usual rose-leaf tint.

"It is impossible to play in a long dress," I say, looking at my flowing drapery. "Bee you have improved amazingly."

The Colonel's eyes twinkle.

"Bee always has been practising," he says "Many an hour's hard work have we had."

"Bee has quite sent you out, Madgie," Lena remarks, leaning back against a tree and fanning her flushed face with her hat.

I turn away bitterly and look over the glowing landscape before I speak, with an attempt at carelessness.

"Out of sight out of mind." It is the way of the world."

Humphrey's voice breaks in softly.

"It is not your way, Madgie; your world was always very present with you. I think with you it was the other way—'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'

Colonel Trevanion has never spoken one word, and I am bitter and resentful still.

"It is a mistake to think any one will remember you. I consider it great vanity on anybody's part to imagine such a thing."

"And I," replies Col. Trevanion, "think that true friendship should never be forgotten.

The conversation is getting personal and dangerous, so I spring to my feet.

"Humphrey, I know you will teach you tennis. I will give you ten points.

He gets up off the grass and picks up a bat.

"I have never played in my life. You must show me what to do."

"Oh, it is very easy!" I reply, and forthwith the lesson begins.

So apt a pupil is he that I am ignominiously defeated, or perhaps I am playing badly—any way, Humphrey wins, and then we all go into luncheon.

It is laid in the long dining-room, and the table is made beautiful with fruit and flowers, the Colonel's own arrangement, for Miss Trevannion is too much of an invalid to look after anything, and he sees to everything in the house himself. During luncheon he improves his acquaintance with Humphrey. I hear them talking about pictures, and Humphrey's face lights up as he talks of his beloved art. I do not understand anything about it. I know what pleases me, and can tell when I like a picture; but it is beyond me to talk ably on the subject.

Lena gives Miss Trevanion a full, true, and particular account of my Paris finery, the possession of which ought to make me delirious with happiness, according to Lena's creed. Miss Trevannion is greatly interested, and I am sure she is wondering why I disfigured myself with my hideous old serge yesterday. Bee and I talk to each other till Lena has come to the end of her catalogue, and then Miss Trevanion turns to me.

"When are you going home, Madgie?"

"To Carstairs? Next week, I believe," I say still unable to make my lips call my other place but one home.

"I suppose you are longing to be mistress of your own house?" she says, smiling; and I answer quickly, that I have not thought about it.

I feel bright and forlorn at the prospect of those few months that I am to spend alone with Humphrey until the time that Bee and Lena can come to me; but some barely developed feeling of loyalty to my husband, a sensation partly born of pride, makes me put a good face on the matter, and I am sure by the time luncheon is over Miss Trevanion thinks I shall be as happy as the days are long at Carstairs, my new home that I have never seen yet. By-and-by when, we are in the drawing-room, and Bee is at the piano singing, in her sweet pathetic voice, some quaint old ballad she has learned, I hear the Colonel's voice in the lower—

"Come to the library, Madgie; I want to have a talk with you."

The time is come. I harden my heart, put on a careless expression, and follow him to the library the shady precincts of which I know well. Many an hour have I spent in the deep window seat, my feet on the floor in a bar of golden sunlight, listening to the kind gentle voice I would far rather not listen to today; for something tells me the coming conversation will be fraught with pain.

"Well," I say with a smile, throwing myself into the depths of a great brown leather armchair, so large that my slim person occupies but a very small portion of it.

The Colonel stands opposite to me, his stately gray head bent a little, his eyes on my face.

"Madgie," he says at last, "I like your husband, and I am glad he is the sort of a man he is."

His remark does not call for any answer. My eyelids fall, and I twist my wedding ring round and round and up and down my small brown finger; the gold band has become too large for it.

Colonel Trevanion stops low and takes my left hand in his.

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," "till death." Ah, my child, that vow is registered in heaven."

I catch my breath suddenly. "Till death." That means till either Humphrey or myself is dead and buried, and it will be no longer in our power to keep or break our vows.

"Madgie do you love your husband?"

"Don't ask me that," I cry piteously "for it is nothing to anybody but Humphrey and myself. Fearless and miserable, I lift my head and laugh and say, with reckless desperation, "One would think the old rhyme is true, and 'He love makes the world go round.'"

"Madgie, do you love?"

The kind, pained tone goes straight to my heart; but I close my lips and try to look my old careless self.

"Oh, Colonel Trevanion, please don't make matrimony seem such an awfully solemn thing! After all it is an affair of arrangement and convenience. Humphrey and I are perfectly satisfied to go on as we have begun, and I suppose if we do live on in hopeless stupidity to the end of our days, it will be all the same in the end."

I speak very fast, and do not look at him, but past his arm in the wall beyond.

"Oh, my child, my child!" he says in a low voice. "Little madcap, are you so hardened, so worldly-wary already?"

He does not know how sad and sore I am, how nearly the tears are falling. He sees his "madcap" grown from a gay lightehearted child into a bitter and desperate woman; he does not know the reason of the change—he cannot guess that "madcap" is breaking her heart because of the gulf between the old life and this, that she has married a man she does not care for, and is eating out her heart with regret. Hardened and world weary!

Perhaps I am; and I wonder how soon my husband will find it out.

The Colonel sits down in a chair and pulls his mustache and sighs, while I twist my watch-chain and look at him from under my eyelashes.

"Madgie," he says suddenly, "have you any idea what effect beauty like yours has on a person? Do you know your husband worships every footprint your foot has made, and adores every movement? I have never seen a man so thoroughly infatuated.

"I wish I were hideous," I say, passing my hand over the smooth freshness of my face. "If I had been ugly no man would have wanted to marry me.

He leans forward, and his words are grave, almost stern.

"You have been given the perfection of beauty, sec, child, that you do not abuse the gift. You have your husband's love, the entire love of a good, true man, a possession not to be despised, and you play fast and loose with him, my child. I am sorry to have to say it; but I am greatly and bitterly disappointed in my little madcap."

Two tears roll down my cheeks. In all the years we have known each other these are the first hard words he has ever used to me; but I do not let him see how deeply they wound.

"You had an ideal mashup before," I say in a low voice. "It was the real madcap who stole the pheasants' eggs and wouldn't tell her name. She was always rollesome." And I smile dismally through my tears.

"Nay, she was her own true self in the old days," he answers kindly, "by-and-by the old madcap will return again with her merry, sunny smile, loving and light-hearted, and the old days will come once more just as they used to be."

"No, they can never come back again," and my tears fall fast. "I am going away next week and perhaps you will never see me any more; it is better for you to think I am changed and hard-hearted."

"Child, my child, you pain me!" Do you think your old friend could ever forget you or put anyone else in your place?"

I hide my face on the arm of the chair and make no answer.

"Listen!" he says, "and I will tell you a story of something that happened once to—a friend of mine."

He is fond of telling stories that bear on the subject, so I force back the tears and listen with my face hidden from him, and in a few moments he begins.

"The part of the story that I am going to tell took place in an old garden, with roses all round and a girl amongst them, smiling, beautiful and defiant, and a man with her. He is not smiling, but angry and passionate. She throws hard cutting words at him, and laughs when the blood rushes to his face, and says more cruel taunting things to him, not one of which she means, but he believes every cutting speech, and thinks, if her love was true, she could not wound with every word. She maddens him with her beauty, and her eyes sparkle, and his flash. She is trying him too far. She knows how he loves her, and so she wrongs herself; and every word she utters adds another blow like a sword thrust. She has gone too far, and it is hard to go back, and she is proud. She utters words that goad him to madness.

"Madam," he cries at last—and his voice is not like his own—'before Heaven I will know the truth!' Do you love me or not?"

"His whole body trembles as he watches her scornful red lips and awaits her answer. It comes soon enough. The red lips smile mockingly; the eyes that used to be so soft look up into his own.

"Sir," she says, and sweeps a curtsey down to the grass, "I could never care for a man with such a temper.

"Farewell then!" he says, and he bows as haughtily as herself. 'Good-bye for ever!'

"Just for another moment he watches for one sign of relenting—and none will ever know how his hot young heart swells to bursting at the stony scorn on the beautiful face he worships—and then he goes away, and leaves her amongst the roses, alone.

"He will come back,' she says, and watches in the rose garden every day; and all the passion lies out, and she longs with all her heart to see her lover again, to whisper a request for forgiveness.

"But he has taken her at her word, and comes no more. Then she goes afterwards he sails for India with his regiment, and, when he has gone there reaches the proud lady in the rose-garden a little packet containing all the letters she has written to her lover—but not one word of explanation or regret."

The Colonel's voice trembles a little, and I lift my head and look at him.

"Did they ever meet again?" I ask and he sighs.

"Never on earth. Six months later there came to him a letter with a few words—his bride's last message—just to say good-bye, and with the pitiful confession that she had loved him always. Long before he got that letter, all wet with tears, she was in her grave, and his life was all before him still."

He pauses again, and I ask in a low voice

"Did he die?"

"No, he lives still, a poor lonely old man. Ah, my little Madgie, she was like you; your eyes are often like hers."

"Did you know her?"

"But as the question leaves my lips, I look into his face, and know he has told me his own story and silence falls upon us. He raises himself first and smiles—not quite his own good, sad smile, but like a gleam of sunlight after rain.

It is the first time that story has passed my lips; but you put me in mind of her to-day, Madgie. Heaven forbid however that you should feel or know the sorrow she endured, the remorse and regret that wore her life away. It is forty years ago, but her face and voice are fresh in my mind and memory still. And then he gets up, and coming over, lays his hand upon my head. "I have told the story, madcap, I leave you to make out the why and wherefore yourself."

I only sigh wearily in answer, and turn my face still farther away at his next words.

"Take one word of advice from an old man, my child; do not try your husband too far. Hearts are but human, and constant disagreement will wear away love."

I look up, with tears on my cheeks.

"Colonel Trevanion, three weeks after the wedding I told him just what I was, and we perfectly understand each other."

"After the wedding? Why not before?"

My cheeks flame suddenly, and then the truth burst from my lips vehemently, as I sit straight up and face him, my hands clasped tightly together in my lap.

"I am worse even than you think. If I had told him before, he would not have married me. Humphrey would hardly have cared to make me his wife if he had known I married him only to shift the expense of myself from papa's shoulders to his."

The tears fall thick and fast, but through the blinding shower I can see the pitying eyes grow stern, and the pain deepen in my old friend's face.

"Is this true?" he says at last. "Then Heaven help Humphrey Carstairs!"

It has no word of pity for me, nothing but grave, stern blame—only condemnation. Choking sobs rise to my throat.

I gulp them down and look up—just one pleading glance—for a word of sympathy.

"My little madcap, the child I loved!" he whispers, and holds out both his hands. Clasping mine tightly, he bends low and looks into my tear-filled eyes. "Madgie, you must give up your life to make your husband happy. You must live for him, and study his tastes, his wishes, and in striving to bring happiness to him, believe me, it will come to yourself. Of all the sad sights on earth, a loveless marriage is the most miserable. You have done your husband a great wrong; it lies in your power to atone for it. Oh, my child, listen to what I say! Love begets love—and you little know how much he cares for you."

So I give him my promise, and I mean to keep it. We have a long tete together after that, and my life looks brighter and more hopeful.

"You will never tell any one what I have said?" I whisper.

"Not a word of what has passed shall ever come to light," he answers. "Take some day, Madgie, you will tell your husband yourself—and that will be a better way."

CHAPTER XI.

We all go out into the front Trevanion's carden and walk along the shady paths, Bee and Lena with the Colonel, Humphrey and I following side by side in solemn silence. He is smoking and I am thinking of the promise I have made to live for my husband, to study his wishes and tastes. What are they? I utter a step nearer to him and speak; and at my words he takes his pipe from his lips and hands his head to read my thoughts in my face.

"Humphrey, is there any thing just would wish me to do—anything particular, I mean?"

"What, darling?"

I feel that I have expressed myself very badly, but Humphrey is more far-sighted than I give him credit for.

"Is this apropos of what the Colonel has been saying to you?" he asks—and his pleasant voice is not so pleasant in tone.

"Yes," I answer in a low voice, not looking at him, but pulling at a red rosebud that refuses to leave the parent stem.

"You will scratch your hands."

Humphrey's strong fingers break off the refractory blossom and I take it meekly and hold it to my bosom. "Are you angry after the others, Humphrey huffing at his pipe, and I think what an advantage men have over women—they can smoke when they do not want to talk, and puff away in an apparently good tempered manner, while we poor creatures have to die over what passes in the conversation we best we may. I pull the rosebuds to bits and watch the crimson leaves fluttering to the ground.

"Madgie—the spirit has moved Humphrey first—"my darling," he says and passes his arm round my shoulders, "never try to do or be what I like to please any other man. I am content to wait till you love and obey me for my own sake alone.

I do not answer; there seems to be nothing to say. We have gone wrong again, I suppose it is my family jar I cannot help it.

"You are not angry with me, are you, dear?" Humphrey whispers. "I want you to be happy, darling; and you must not think 'I am a tyrant or a bear, to be petted and humoured. Look at me, Madgie, and say you are not vexed."

I turn my face, give him a brief glance, and look away again.

"I am not angry," I say; "but I have drawn myself away from the clasp of the hand lying on my shoulder. I sighs long sigh and then a little smile comes to my lips. "Humphrey I wonder if we shall ever be like other people?"

"I don't want you to be like any one else," he answers.

"But think there is room for improvement?"—looking sideways up at his face and thinking how vastly improved his world be without his beard.

"Improvement?" he exclaims—and notwithstanding the obnoxious beard, he can smile a pleasant smile, very grave and sweet. "I do not think I would have you different if I could—" his voice has taken its old adoring tone.

"Do you mean my face or myself?" I ask—and I am surprised to find how eagerly I wait for his answer.

"Your own sweet self, Madgie," he replies. "Will it make you vain, little woman, if I say there is no room for improvement in a certain lovable and very lovely face?"

"Humphrey—" I have one more question to put, one more doubt to be set at rest—"did you marry me for my face or for myself?"

He stops midway in the narrow shady path and catches my hands in his, while a tide of color sweeps over his face.

"I married you because I loved you—you yourself, Madgie—because my life would have been miserable without you for my wife."

I look up at the passion in his eyes and perhaps something in my upturned gaze hurts him.

"Poor child!" he says and drops my hands suddenly.

We hear voices approaching; the others are coming back to look for us. And, when we walk home in the gloaming, I am as far from understanding my husband and he is as far from comprehending me, as ever.

* * *

We are going to Carstairs to-morrow, from that day I am to begin a new life. Our boxes are packed; I have on the dress I am to travel in. Crib is not to come with us after all. In a weak moment I have given him to Jack.

"You can get as many dogs as you like, Madgie," he told me. "Do let me keep Crib."

"Very well, Jack."

I do not know that I much care. If one thing goes, the rest may as well go too.

I am sore at heart and very miserable to-day. All day long it has been raining—a heavy downpour, with gusts of wind that bring down the yellow leaves. They lie in sodden heaps now and the trees seem suddenly to have become bare.

It is late in the afternoon and a watery yellow gleam shines out of the west like a shadowy smile after exceedingly bitter tears. The old garden is a very wilderness. The rain and the wind have played sore havoc in it to-day, and the unscanned roses trail their few straggling blossoms in the paths, where they lie in pools of mud. The wind has laid them low, while all the apples seem to have come down with a rush and lie broken and bruised on the ground. Altogether the poor old garden has a battered, disordered appearance; and the Bowers are lying flat and still upon their round and round, for there are little trenches round every plant, and stocks and overgrown geraniums lie wrecked and broken on the soaking earth.

I walk dismally to and down, trailing up my dress from contact with the soaking bowlidgings. I am very unhappy, very wretched; and only a great effort keeps back the tears. It is not cheerful work, contemplating the wreck and damage from the storm last night and the pitiless rain all day; but I have come away to be alone on this last afternoon at the old home, which somehow is not with the old home any longer; and I have awakened to the bitter knowledge that I am not necessary to my relatives' happiness. They are all perfectly happy without me—even Bee—and I counted and grudged every hour while I was away and refused to take pleasure in nights and sounds they could not share! For their sakes I married Humphrey; and now they all think that I am the only member of the family who ought to be happy—that my lot is one to be envied. I have come back to them for a while and I feel my place cold, my presence a thing of the past. Humphrey's love cannot and does not make up for what I have lost, and I wish with all my heart and soul that I was Madgie Alison again. To-morrow I shall go away, my husband at my side, and papa and mamma will say, "How happy the child will be in her own home!" And Lena and Bee and even Jack and Isabel, will think and talk of Carstairs as an enchanted palace which they will see some day. In the meantime their life will roll on in even smoothness; and I may break my heart with the utter discontent of my new existence, if I will.

I have nothing in common with my brothers and sisters now. Before I was three days at home I found that out. Madgie, in her character of Mrs. Carstairs, was a person to be treated with respect; and Humphrey's sisters, who had even new jokes that I know nothing about and my allusions to any past absurdities are treated as stale, forgotten jests that do not raise a smile now. I try to think that these alone are the causes that make my heart sore, and send the tears into my eyes; but there is something deeper still that is rising in passionate outcry within me—the knowledge that I have made my life's sacrifice in vain.

Something has happened to-day which, if it had taken place a few months ago, would have cheerfully, "You know you can refurnish or do anything you like; only, my darling, try to be happy"—holding my face in his hands and smiling into my eyes. "I have the prettiest wife in the county," he goes laughing. "Papa has already bequeathed me my old age."

"You wrong old," I answer, with a little smile that ends suddenly. "And a cross wife is no blessing. Oh, Humphrey, what a dear old room this is!"

"I am so glad you like it," he says, and his voice sounds as if he were pleased.

"Dinner is served," announces a grave gray-haired butler, who throws open the door.

"Very well, Bernard; answers Humphrey, giving me his arm. "I hope you are hungry. I am thinking of ordering Anthony Carstairs and planting the gray-haired old man in those rooms, as we are passing through the oak carved hall into the dining-room, which is long and low like the drawing room, and has the same oak floor. Right at the far end stands a heavy sideboard covered with plate, shining and flashing from out of the gloom. Pictures hang on the walls, but I am too tired to decipher them glance at them as we pass.

"I hope Bee has a house that is comfortable, that her wives will come through this old room." I think then at Humphrey sitting at the other end of the table, smiling at my answers my glance with a smile. Bernard has left the room, and we are lingering over our dessert.

"I have seen the house," my husband adds; "I could fancy a person being very fond of a place like this My father loved the very memory of Carstairs.

I am wondering if I shall ever love the place, over care for this gray old house, ever think of it as my home, the sweetest spot on earth.

Humphrey talks of his plans—all his means to do, and the improvements that are to be made, and I look at him with gray eyes that somehow do not kindle to the eagerness I listen with a heart that does not echo to his hopes of the future.

"You look tired; shall we go to the drawing-room?

Present and together we enter the great shadowy drawing-room, and I fist amongst the great antique pieces of furniture, and feel very small and insignificant in the midst of my possessions. The only new thing in the room is a piano, and I open it with an exclamation of delight.

"You got this for me! Oh, Humphrey."

"Are you too tired to sing me something to night?" he asks, coming close and standing beside me.

My collection of songs is not large. I sit down and sing, the first thing that comes into my head, "Old Robin Gray." Mine my voice dies away and the room is still again. Humphrey speaks.

"Why did you sing that song, Madgie?"

"I don't know; it was the first song that come into my head," I answer, and lifting my face, I meet his eyes and they are grave and sad.

"Am I and Robin Gray?" he says.

"Oh, what nonsense!" I cry, looking at his strong, stalwart figure. "Why, you aren't a bit old, Humphrey."

"Only forty," he says, with a little smile, and my love is but a lassie." And then he adds in a low voice, "Think then, there is no Jamie to break your heart or mine! And Robin Gray might have been happy only for him."

* * * *

The sun is bright and the autumn tints are all brown and gold when I take my first daylight peep at my new home, and see, away beyond the trees or rather below them, a bit of silver that I know means the sea. Breakfast is finished, and Humphrey gone, and I am going to some of the rooms called my own. Under the windows gardens are laid out in modern style. Old Anthony Carstairs loved flowers and his gardens were his chief delight and pleasure.

I am quite cheerful over breakfast, quite eager to explore Carstairs. From the breakfast-room we can see the white waves, and hear the roar of the surf upon the beach; and I love the sea, though I have never lived near it, having paid only a few flying visits in my lifetime to an old aunt who lived on the coast.

(To be continued.)

The oldest newspaper in the world, is published in China, and is about to enlarge its sheet for the first time since 1351, when it first began to be regularly issued, though its origin was more than four hundred years earlier. Its name is King-Pau; it is issued in three daily editions at Pekin. The morning edition is called Rising-Pau, or Journal of Commerce, and contains all the commercial, financial and shipping news. It has a circulation of about nine thousand copies, and is printed on yellow paper. The midday edition, Shuen-Pau, is the official and society gazette, and is also printed on yellow paper. The afternoon edition, called Titani Pau or country journal, contains the news adapted for readers in the provinces, and is printed on red paper. The paper is edited by six members of the academy of sciences, who receive a salary from the emperor.

While a colored man and his family were engaged in prayer a kettle of water fell over and scalded the old man's wife. The woman raised with "scuffling" alacrity and howled. The old man slowly rose and casting on his wife a contemptuous glance, said, "Aint yer got no moah respect fur de Lawd?" Ain't yer got no moah humiliation deep ter holler when I'se handin' up petitions?" "I dean care to insult de Lawd," yelled the woman, "but when a pot ob bilin' water falls on me, it dean make no difference if I'se gwine through de gate ob de New Drusalem. I'se gwine ter squall; does yer hear me?"

It the anti-Chinese bill has had scarcely any other effect than to make times better for the Chinese who are domiciled here. That is to say, it has raised the price of their labor to some extent, and has made them much more confident than they were before. We have made things so comfortable for them that they are sure to stay with us, and as there are quite enough of them to monopolize all the occupations they set their hands to, it is rather hard to perceive in what way white labor has been benefited by the bill.—(Sacramento Record-Union.

Mrs. Mary Johnson, of the State Board of Charities, says that one of the inmates of the Woman's Reformatory remarks she wishes she could tell the story of what two years of that quiet, methodical life, physically and morally sanative, have done for her. The appreciation of some of these woman of the aid given it almost surprising.

Melange.

The "tap of luxury" is when the cat gets into the cream.

He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

WISTAR'S BALSAM of WILD CHERRY cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chests. Price 50c and $1 a bottle.

Though it is a SIMPLE, it is a sure man, it is a great healing BALSAM.

There is hardly a family in this country but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most painful and dangerous cause of all diseases. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is taken promptly.

If a person in his way to the woods to commit suicide, should fall suddenly given chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

A truly charming statement based upon unquestioned facts and endorsed by the highest authorities has recently been published. In a nut-shell it is that one in three of all who die at an adult age, exhibit marks of recent or former attacks of heart disease of some kind. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is claimed to be the only remedy for the heart disease, nervousness, fluttering, pain, dropsy, etc. Price $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists.

A sure cure for Piles, Itching or Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Dr. Bigelow's Pile Ointment. Price $1 per box.

The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequaled for brilliancy and durability, 10 cents. Certainly who has I recently noticed that 3 out of 10 people could in identifying wooden stoves and ranges, which read as follows: "Heaven bless our Flat!"

Important Proclamation.

The Hon. Peter Rowe is Sheriff of the City and County of New York. Recently he was in conversation with one of our reporters, Mr. Rowe proclaimed the following fact: "I remember St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. I know I always have a bottle of it there, and makes a family remedy of it."—(New York Evening Telegram.

"Tell it to women enough with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on her back, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirt, high toed shoes and a notion in her head!"

Perfection.

Herrick's Sugar Coated Vegetable Liver Pills are perfection. Mild as milk they are spirituous, tonic, laxative, emetic and alterative at the same time. With these two pills in your house you can defy sickness. Sold by druggists.

Famine is said to reign in the whole north of Ireland, where the grain crop was destroyed by a blight, and the potato crop and the hay crop rotted by the rains. In one place it is said, 25 of Indian meal a week is required to keep the people barely alive. But in other places the people are despairing.

ST JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns

Prairie Signs.

About two miles from the town he suddenly checked his horse, gazing intently on the ground, and said: "Some fellow has had his saddle horse here this morning."

There was no advertisement on any tree offering a reward for a lost horse, and as there was no lost horse in sight, we were at a loss to understand how, if a horse was lost, our friend could know so much about it.

The doctor inquired: "How do you know that a horse has been lost?"

"I see his tracks."

"Are there not hundreds of horses pasturing on the prairies, and how do you know that this is not the track of one of them?"

"Because he is shod, and the horses herding on the prairie do not wear shoes."

"How do you know that he is a saddle horse and lost?"

"I saw a rope track alongside his trail. The horse has a saddle on and the rope hangs from the horn of the saddle."

"But why may he not be a horse that some one has ridden over this way this morning, and why do you insist that he is lost?"

"Because if a man had been on his back, he would have ridden him on a straight course, but this horse has moved from side to side of the road as he strolled along, and that is a plain sign that he grazed as he went and that he had no rider."

"After that it would not surprise me," said the doctor, "if you were to tell us the age of the horse and the name of its owner."

"Well, that would not be very hard to do. There are signs that have told me the owner's name, and there are other signs that, if I had time to examine, would tell me his age. I know he is one of old man Pendergrast's horses. Pendergrast has a large bunch of horses down in the bottom, and an old nigger down there does all his shoeing, and shoes no other horses except his. So we know his shoe track just the same as we know his bridle."

After this conviction on circumstantial evidence, it would not have seemed extraordinary if the Remnant had given us his opinion of the lives and characters of our great-grandmothers, drawing his conclusions from an examination of some of our physical peculiarities.

It is wonderful how expert these men become in reading what they call "signs" on the prairie or in the woods. No sign escapes their practised eye; all manner of tracks, trails and marks are to them data on which to base conclusions. The peculiar movement of an animal will indicate the presence of some other animal in the neighborhood. A broken limb of a tree, a crushed weed, the debris around a camp-fire, the flight of a buzzard, and other such signs, are to the cowboy and the frontiersman what the sign-boards and advertisements are to the people who live in cities.—[Texas Siftings.

Why We Eat Oysters Raw.

Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually and by preference in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The starch-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during its life, is its appropriative digestive ferment, the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without any other help than by its diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is in fact, self-digestive; but the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and the cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.—[Dr. Wm. Roberts.

Facts.

Many stories are told of small men and women of ancient times, but as we wish to deal with facts, we will only state what is historically true.

Count Boruwlaski, a Polish gentleman, was a famous dwarf, and lived to be nearly one hundred years of age (1739—1837). At ten years of age he was 21 inches in height; at 25, 35 inches, which was almost as tall as he ever became. He was taken into the family of an earl, and often requested the Prussian court where he was a favorite. He could play on the guitar beautifully and was a first rate dancer. The ladies were so much pleased with him during a year that he spent in Paris, that at one of the parties to which he was invited, all the plates, knives, forks and spoons, were very small, to correspond with his own size. Once on a visit to England, he was introduced to a giant 8 feet 7 inches high.

Below, a female dwarf of Kamtschatka, of Poland, was only 29 inches high when 15 years old. At one time Count Boruwlaski, the above mentioned dwarf, paid him a visit. When Bebe saw how much more intelligent his visitor was than himself, he grew jealous and tried to throw the little Count into the fire, but the struggle between the rivals was ended by the interference of the people in the house.

About the Physiology of Alcohol.

The presence of alcohol in the stomach diminishes the power of the gastric juice. It produces a temporary increase of power, followed by a more than corresponding decrease. The great mass of the blood is water, and the introduction into it of anything but water makes mischief. After the regular healthy constitution of the blood, and we alter the healthy appearance of the red corpuscles, which are so intimately connected with the respiratory organs and processes, the next in importance to the action of the heart. Within a few years it has been discovered that there is in the body a nervous system that directly controls the circulations and the amount of blood to be distributed to any organ or part of the body, regulating the latter according to the state of activity of the organs or muscles. In a healthy body this wonderful adjustment takes place of itself, and anything that tends to derange it works injury to the body. This is just the effect of alcohol. It relaxes the capillary vessels, which become overfilled with blood, the first result being a feeling of exhilaration and warmth and genial glow, which is appealed to as an evidence that the drink is doing us good. But this exhilaration and warmth are always followed by depression and cold, and the sustaining power of alcohol is shown to be a myth and a delusion. The continued pressure of it results in the conglomeration of the red corpuscles and the clogging of the blood vessels, stopping the flow of blood; experience has shown that, even under extreme privation and exposure, alcohol does more harm than good. Activity of body or mind under its influence may be likened to the last spurt of a rower to recover lost ground, and it results, like that, in a greater state of weakness and depression than before. And in addition to creating these disturbances, it interferes with the process of removing from the body the results of the chemical drainage which takes place within.—[Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

A City's Rapid Growth.

Winnipeg, in 1882, rose from 12,000 population to 30,000. Its assessment increased $9,000,000, rising to $30,000,000, and will reach $40,000,000 this year; 8 square miles were added to its area, 29 1-2 miles of sidewalks and 270 street crossings were laid; 250 culverts were constructed and nearly 30 miles of streets were graded.

Visitors Booming.

The reports of the visitors to the state normal schools indicate that these institutions are making constant progress are widening their good influence. The statistics for the year are as follows: Number of students at the Bridgewater school, 148 women, 46 men; graduated, 47. Students at Framingham school, 84; graduated, 20. Students at Salem, 239; graduated, 68. Students at Westfield, 120 women, 16 men; graduated, 29. Students at Worcester, 173 women, 8 men; graduated, 33. The visitors make no specially notable recommendations. The Bridgewater school needs an appropriation of $1000 for repairs and furniture, and the Framingham school should be enlarged, as the present quarters are crowded. The institution at Salem has made successful experiments in industrial education, furnishing the young women with carpentering tools and teaching them to handle the saw, the square and the plane, to drive nails and measure spaces. This has supplied needed exercise and relief from regular study.

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer who lately died in Boston, left property worth $100,000. There was something singular about his profitable clientage. He went to the bar when prejudiced against his color was very strong, and yet his clients were for a long time almost entirely among the Irish, who had great faith in his legal powers. On the other hand, the colored people were rather shy of him and he never gained much practice from them, nor political favor.

There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all have passed away—and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ and of God.—[Kingsley.

The first shoe ever pegged by a machine has come into the possession of the Essex Institute, of Salem. It is accompanied by a letter from the late Samuel Preston, the inventor and patentee of the machine, detailing its history and the story of its manufacture, and also the original letters patent. The latter is inscribed on parchment, and has the signatures of Andrew Jackson, president; Edward Livingston, secretary of state, and Roger B. Taney, attorney-general, and bears date March, 1833.

As an encouragement to the rising generation it is mentioned that none of the governors of Massachusetts in recent years have been descended from aristocratic classes. Talbot was a factory boy, Bias a stationer's clerk, Gardner a Connecticut storekeeper's son, Boutwell a village merchant, Banks a bobbin boy, Everett a minister's son, Emory Washburn a country lawyer, W. H. Washburn a manufacturer, and Andrew a village merchant's son.

A Hopeful View.

Last Sunday Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, pastor of the Fifth Avenue church, New York, preached an able sermon on Piety not in Decadence, from which we have collected extract:

Religion was a luxury, a dissipation, so to speak, to the old New England deacon. To go to meeting relieved the monotony of his dull life. There were no railroads, no daily papers, only a few books, and these theological. A singing school in winter to practice sacred tunes was the only social recreation. They had few cares and no lack of time. Therefore religion became an all-absorbing theme. To discuss theological systems, to argue for or against inspiration and predestination was the joy of the deacons' lives. Religion kept them from stagnation. Now take one of their grandsons. He lives in New York and has become rich. It is only a sin to trust in riches. He has built up a large business in commerce, he has an extensive practice in law or medicine. He has more to do in a day than his grandfather had in a month. In keeping pace with the progress of the world in art, literature and science the grandson has parts of his brain to care for which his grandfather never knew he had. He has a cultivated mind and has developed his æsthetic taste, and surely, if it is no sin to delight in music, to make a home attractive and comfortable in the eye, it is no sin to appreciate things that refine the taste, inspire the heart and inform the mind. The deacon had only one side of his nature developed—the religious. His grandson has found out that God has sent into the world philosophers to mould our minds; inventors to increase the conveniences and comforts of life; poets to charm us, and discoverers to enlarge the horizon of our knowledge. Why, the man of today has five sides to his life where his ancestor had one, or at most two. Brethren, do not condemn our age and lament the decay of piety because some Christians are rich, do not care to hear two dull sermons on Sunday, are seen at the opera, or actually allow their daughters to dance. I assure you God is no bigot or fanatic, and Jesus Christ is the very soul of all that is liberal and generous, as well as pure and good and self-sacrificing. The Puritan closed his eyes to beauty, and has obedient and loyal without joy in his loyalty. He was stern and exacting, and made life a long, hot day without a bit of blue in his sky, and the world a vale of tears where laughter was folly and joy a sin. His grandson, whose worldliness causes some ministers so much anxiety, makes his home a bit of Paradise where birds sing, children laugh, hymns are sung, virtue inculcated, the poor remembered, and peace abides. And as far as business is concerned, I would much rather try conclusions in a bargain with the deacon's grandson than with the deacon himself.

THE TALLEST CHIMNEY.—Glasgow, in Scotland, claims to have the tallest chimney in the world. The total height from foundation to top of coping is 468 feet, and from the ground line to summit, 454 feet; outside diameter at foundation, 50 feet; at ground surface, 32; and at top of coping, nearly 18. The number of bricks used in the erection was 1,000,000, equal in weight to 7000 tons.

Miscellaneous.

Every fair-minded and thoughtful student of educational interests in this country must acknowledge that the influence of the Normal Schools has been every way beneficial and inspiring to the best interests of Massachusetts. We call special attention to the advertisement of the Worcester Normal, which under Mr. Russell's able management, has about a hundred pupils doing first class work. yr11

Samuel Ayers & Son, 56 Front St., Worcester, are extensive manufacturers of all kinds of wire work. They have patented Ayers Stove Pipe and Wire Shelf and Towel Rack, the most useful and ornamental shelf ever made. They offer elsewhere good terms to agents. yr11

C. W. Clark, successor to N. E. School Furnishing Co., 27 Franklin St., Boston, have in another column an illustrated advertisement of the Danner Revolving Bookcase, the only perfect device for combining the utility of the Danner Revolving Bookcase, the only perfect device for combining the utility of the Danner Revolving Bookcase, the only perfect device for combining the utility

SCITUATE.

Mr. Frank Merritt has again gone west.

One month of 1883 is gone. How do your resolutions hold out?

Thomas Flynn is about building a story and a half house on Third Cliff.

The Glee Club were out serenading Monday night. The singing was very pretty on the still night air.

We have now in stock some very handsome double circulars suitable for invitations, business letters, &c.

On account of a deep religious interest in the M. E. Church, a series of special meetings are in contemplation.

The following have been drawn as Jurors for the February term:—Robert Hall, on grand jury; Abner Litchfield, traverse jury.

Mr. Ansel Servent, while chopping wood last Thursday cut a gash in his right leg, just above the knee, which laid him up for a week.

Miss Ida Fernald, receiving a call to occupy a higher position, has given up her Greenbush school. Miss Mabel Cole has taken her place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooks Anderson started for their western home, Monday. It will be remembered that Mrs. A. came home a few months ago on account of the illness of her mother, who has since died.

During the past week, the P. Y. O. C. Library Association has received donations of books from Mr. Joseph Merritt, Mrs. Kinnie, Miss Abigail Bates, and Mr. Reuben Bates. Also $25 00 from a friend.

The entertainment for the benefit of the town clock, which was crowded out during December, on account of so many entertainments, is now to take place Feb. 14. A two act drama, is in rehearsal, which, together with several songs, will make a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

The UnitarianChurch will be opened on Sunday evening next at half past seven, for a Temperance Lecture. Mr. Seaver proposes to show that he is in earnest in this matter and wishes to discover if the people of Scituate are in earnest also. The subject of discourse for the afternoon service at 2-30 will be "How to read the Bible."

General H. B. Carrington visited the Scituate High School on Thursday, Jan. 25, and gave a most interesting and clear account of the Battle of Cowpens, with a black-board illustration. The General is the author of the "Battles of the American Revolution," having in thirty years surveyed personally every battlefield, to obtain information for this standard work.

The house of Miss Susan Otis was broken into on Wednesday evening of last week, while she was at the harbor, before nine o'clock. They entered through a window after breaking a square of glass, but not finding anything they wanted turned things topsy turvy. A suspicious looking character was seen in the lane early in the evening. The act seems to have been done more for spite than for booty, as not a thing was taken.

Mr. Charles H. Vinal, who came home from the west for a vacation of a few weeks, came to the conclusion that he would not return in single blessedness. So he entered into matrimonial alliance with Miss Ida Fernald. The two were made one by the Rev. N. Seaver at the residence of Mr. L. H. Vinal at 2 p. m. to-day (Thursday). Afterwards a family reception was given by Mr. Arthur Gardner. The happy couple left on the 5 30 train for their future home in Wisconsin. We wish much happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Vinal as they enter upon their new life.

One of the most fashionable weddings of the season took place last Thursday evening at Hotel Windsor, Shawmut Ave., Boston. The parties being Mr. Obadiah Merritt of Somerville and Mrs. Mehitable Barnard of Hotel Windsor. Rev. Mr. Skinner of Somerville officiating. By the side of the bridegroom stood Little Willie H. Hern. They were present by their friends with an elegant French clock, silver swinging ice pitcher with goblets, silver fruit basket and vases. There were about a hundred present, relatives and friends. A splendid supper was furnished by caterer, C. D. Cook, of Boston. Music was furnished by Reeve's Band, and recitations by Mr. JamesGorman. Mr. and Mrs. Merritt will reside in the city this winter.

SUPPLEMENTARY LECTURE.

The closing entertainment in the M. E. Church course was given on Thursday evening, Jan. 25, before a large audience. Post 31 G. A. R. escorted the lecturer, Gen. Henry B. Carrington, to the church, and occupied seats reserved for them. The lecture commanded the closest attention from the beginning to the close, when the speaker gave an opportunity to ask questions, and several were answered in a very satisfactory manner. Two rounds of hearty applause and a vote of thanks before the audience retired, testified fully to the appreciation of the lecture, and the valuable knowledge obtained of the social, military and religious life of the Indians of the North West by one so able to present facts gained from personal experience

Gambling in School.

At the risk of being tiresome, I ask space in addition to my other communication, to register a protest against the lottery proposed in aid of a school in West Scituate. Let somebody buy that afghan, or, if the district is so poverty stricken that it cannot afford a book case, *turn* the afghan, and I will be one of five, or ten, as the case may be to buy a book case. Do not, as you value the souls of your children, suffer them to take lessons in *law breaking and gambling* for the sake of a few paltry dollars.

N. SEAVER, JR.

Who is to Blame!

I was glad to see that another writer was sufficiently interested in Temperance to send you a communication, but I should have been better pleased if he had not concealed himself behind a nom-de-plume ("Right Here") and still better if he had treated the subject with more dignity and seriousness.

The religious customs of any part of our community are none of our concern, nor, as he intimates, should the Temperance question be one of race, but we shall not mend the matter by bringing persons to ridicule. My condemnation is mainly for those who heartlessly put temptation in the way of young men who are too weak to resist, or older ones who are trying, alas, in vain, to throw off chains riveted upon them in past years of indiscretion. What they need is our friendly counsel, not to be driven to self-contempt and despair by our scorn. I rely greatly upon the help of these very men in what I hope to see accomplished. Nine out of ten of such are more "sinned against than sinning." Speaking, too, of race, it is not long since a poor Irish woman stopped one of my daughters in the street and frantically appealed to her to help stop a man in a wagon who, she said, was carrying rum to her husband, who would then get drunk and beat her. Very few of our citizens, native or foreign, are in favor of free rum, and if those who wish well to our town will join hands and open their wallets, we will either stop this traffic or put the men who defy us in the prison where they belong.

NATH'L SEAVER, JR.

SOUTH SCITUATE.

Another letter from "Oznola" may be found in another column.

Mr. E. A. Turner has a warm comfortable shed with sliding doors where he puts up horses for those who wish during a ball or entertainment.

Mr. Lot Phillips has a large order for pole for a fish pound. Mr. John Henderson is picking them out and having them cut and hauled to Greenbush.

Parties have been in town lately in quest of hop poles. They wish them to be three inches at the butt, of good straight cedar and they want as many as they can get at their price.

Mr. U. H. Percival, formerly of this town, acted as floor manager at the dance, Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, and it seemed quite natural to see his smiling face and hear his cheery voice in the hall again.

There is something new come along most every week, this time it is Johnathan Hatch's newly painted butcher wagon which has been painted up to correspond with his other one, making two fine looking teams.

The colored people of this vicinity had a grand ball at Wilder Memorial Hall, South Hingham which was well attended both by dancers and spectators. Prof. Williams Orchestra of Boston furnished music.

We have a good example of the fundamental rule of civil service as practised by Gov. Butler, in the appointment of Dep. Sheriff Willard Torrey as Justice of Peace. This is the first appointment in this town by the Governor and falls upon the shoulders of one of the leading republicans of the town. So you see Gov. Butler appoints without regard to politics of the officer appointed. So now the postmasters and Custom House officials can rest easy, and probably the Governor's visit to Washington was not to turn out the present incumbents.

WEST SCITUATE.

The committee on the organization of the projected new railroad met at Abington Thursday electing Judge Keith of Abington as Chairman and C. H. Killam of West Scituate Secretary.

Mr. Alvin Baker jammed his foot badly while unloading logs at West Hanover last week. He thought he should be out again in three or four days, but three or tour weeks more probably.

The sewing circle connected with the Union Social Temple have their annual meeting at Mrs. M. A. Bailey's Feb. 6. It is hoped that there will be a full attendance as it is their intention to prepare for a fair, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to procuring a more convenient hall for the Temple and for public use.

The invitation which we gave last week, that we should be pleased to receive items of interest from any one who would take the trouble to forward them, has borne fruit this week. We have received a suggestion from a friend, that we might improve the appearance of our village and add to the convenience and pleasure of the traveling public, if we would light our streets. We are reminded by this of the reports that we see from time to time of the Village Improvement Society at Scituate, and the good work they are doing. Why might not something be done by concerted action. There are not many but what could afford a light in front of their residence, and other places where a light would be desirable could be provided for by contributions. Many who perhaps would not like to start in this matter independently, would be glad to do so in company. Besides something might be saved in the cost of fixtures if a number were contracted for instead of being purchased singly. Who will take the lead in this matter?

Another suggestion. This time regarding the opening of our church. The words of my friend are so much to the point, that I quote, "We need the influence of the Church, the Sabbath School and a settled minister in this place. If we cannot afford to pay a thousand dollars, let us be content with one obtained for less." To this I would add, that it seems to me that the influence for good exerted by one resident clergyman in the past, has not always been in a ratio corresponding to their salary, therefore I heartily endorse the last remark of the above quotation. Our church has been closed sometimes. It is to be hoped that the Committee in charge, will see their way clear to open it again a few Sabbaths previous to the annual meeting, as thereby the people may be stirred to take such action as my lead to the settlement of a pastor, the ensuing year.

CHURCH HILL.

Mr. Robert Sylvester, Jr., has gone into the logging business quite extensively.

The rubber works are running full time. Clapp Bros. are adding more men each week.

Charley Hammond, who lives with Mr. Luther Howland, badly cut his wrist while chopping wood Saturday, Jan. 27.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen of Hanover improved the splendid skating on the river last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Chas. Stearns' new house is progressing finely. The weather has been favorable and Mr. Thomas Barstow is pushing along rapidly.

Mr. James W. Studley of Centre Hanover, who brought suit against the Hanover Branch R. R. for personal injuries, June 25, 1881, received $3,182.50.

The lecture given Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church was well attended and the subject "The three H's that win" was skilfully handled; they were "the Hand, the Heart and the Head."

The ladies' sewing circle connected with the second congregational church of Hanover, held their annual turkey supper in the vestry of their church, Wednesday evening, the 24th. These were 125 present and all seemed well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Little Robbie Sylvester is doing quite a thriving business selling papers. You can see him every Saturday morning hurrying to deliver them. With him it is business before pleasure. Such young men will succeed and we wish there were more like him.

Mr. P. T. Keen, baggage master on the Hanover Branch, has retired from the road much to the regret of his many friends. Mr. Frank Tower has been promoted to fill his position. We are glad for Mr. Tower, for he is a faithful young man and worthy of the position.

D. D. G. M. Sprague, of East Weymouth, and suite installed the following officers of North River Lodge No. 167, I. O. O. F., on Friday evening, Jan. 12, the elective officers for the present term are J. G. Knight, N. G., F. Stetson, N. G., E. L. Churchill, R. S., George P. Clapp, Treasurer.

The Apron Sale of Ladies' Union Temple Sewing Circle was a success notwithstanding the intense cold weather. Quite a large company was present and the sale of aprons, confectionery and ice cream was good. Mr. Alpheus Damon drew the quilt, he guessing the exact number of kernels of corn in the bottle, twelve hundred and twelve. The next nearest guess was twelve hundred. The entertainment consisted of declamations by little Willie Alger, Master Harry Beverstock; select readings by Misses Stella Jacobs, Flora M. Barnard, and Addie M. Jacobs; instrumental music by Misses Phoebe Killam, Sadie Brown; song by little Nellie F. Killam. Dancing was then announced and six sets were soonsed formed and all seemed to be having a good time. As there were more dancers than could at any one time dance it was kept up until one o'clock. Look out for more of these good times.

Philadelphia Letter.

Editor South Scituate News.

Philadelphia, Jan. 26, 1883.

Probably nowhere in America are the holidays more universally observed than in this quiet, staid old City of Philadelphia. All sorts, classes, and conditions of people—men and women, young and old—alike look forward with pleasure to annual Christmas festivals, and New Year's holidays. Long before the time arrives the streets are daily thronged with great multitudes of shoppers, comprising all classes—The little Missie with her twenty-five cents to purchase something to "surprise Papa" on Christmas morning—while mamma is equally desirous, in perhaps a rather more ambitious way, to remember him she loves, with some pleasing gift. So shopping, indeed becomes quite a pleasureable, as well as a serious matter, to most of us, who, during the month before Christmas, cudgel our brains to decide on suitable selections to make, as presents to those we desire to so remember. This may seem strange to the readers of the NEWS when told that Philadelphia is sadly a City of Shops; but as a matter of fact, the very immensity of this truth only seems to increase one's difficulty. With Second Street one continuous row of stores for about ten miles, while Eighth street, for more than four miles is also almost entirely devoted to retail trade, and then the beautiful Chestnut Street, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, a distance of about two miles, is but one continued series of magnificent examples of commercial architecture, including splendid temples of amusement—grand hotels, and elegant newspaper offices; two at least, of the latter, being unsurpassed in any respect elsewhere in America. The streets as night, illuminated from end to end by electric light, so that one might read the NEWS without difficulty; the sidewalks thronged with a moving mass of humanity that occupy the entire space between curb and doorway, and who seem to saunter, rather than rush as all are evidently out more to see, and "shop" than for special purchases, although the stores are quite as full as the sidewalks; and such stores as one sees here! So splendidly beautiful at this season, and when it is remembered that a single house covers a space of about four acres on its ground floor, and employs as salesmen, bookkeepers, etc., exclusively for retail sales,—upwards of three thousand persons, perhaps, equal in number, to the entire population of the Town in which the NEWS is published, and that this one house, is but one intensified representative of hundreds of others, all larger. Some idea may be had of the magnitude of Christmas shopping in Philadelphia.

Comparatively speaking, New Year's day is but little observed here—the custom of making much of this season to be almost exclusively confined to New York, although most strenuous efforts have been made in "world by" fashionable quarters, to introduce "open house" and "calling" system, but with little success—the very practical Philadelphia people simply turn up their noses, and say, "Christmas is the day we celebrate", New Years day, its octave, and the feast of the circumcision, we indeed recognize as a part of one grand whole, a time of good cheer, for taking stock and settling up; for making good resolutions, and turning over the annual "new leaf" but never to supersede, the Day of days. The time intervening, between Christmas and Lent, is usually one of special harvest for managers of public amusements, of which Philadelphia is not behind other cities, either in number, variety, beauty or general character. There are altogether some twenty-five places devoted to theatrical, and musical entertainments. The principal being the Academy of Music, Lyceum, Chestnut St. Opera House, Chestnut St. theatre, Walnut St. theatre, Arch St. Theatre, Museum, German Theatre, Bijou, National, Central, Eleventh St. minstrels, Arch St. Minstrels, Sanso n St. Variety, and Academy of Fine Arts.

Of these, perhaps the Chestnut St. Opera House is the handsomest, and most comfortable although the Academy of Music is much the larger, and grander, no cost being spared to make it a splendid temple of aristocratic resort, and gorgeous indeed it is. The Opera being one of the favorite resorts of fashionable enjoyment during the "season"; here every opportunity is given for the grandest display. The fashionable and wealthy, male and female, may now gathered together in all the luxury of dress and exhibit their laces, diamonds, and persons as well, if they choose, (which latter privilege is generally by no means overlooked.) The prices of admission necessary high, are always on grand occasions, fixed at figures to practically exclude the masses bring rarely below $3 for a single sitting, but to such as can afford it, the sight is well worth the money to an appreciative pleasure seeker.

This year, Ash Wednesday coming unusually early, Feb. 7th, when the festivities of the "season," are suspended until after Easter, the social ball is kept rolling almost continually during January, elegant dinners and supper parties, brilliant weddings and bridal entertainments, are all in order now, while the grand balls of fashionable society assumes an importance in a great and wealthy city, unthought of and indeed impossible elsewhere. Perhaps the most notable balls this year are the "Bachelors" held at the Academy of Music on the 16th, and the "Charity," at the same place on the 23rd Old society goers competent to form intelligent judgment in such matters express the opinion that in point of decorations, dress, music, characters of attendance and general brilliancy, these two assemblies exceeded any similar entertainments previously given in Philadelphia. One peculiarity of the former, is, that it is managed entirely by a set of "Society of Bachelors" who place the subscription at $20, open only to known or well recommended parties, and then they require every lady's name, who is to be invited, to be announced in advance, and approved, and even then, the further precaution is taken, to see that only such are admitted, none being allowed to pass in unless identified by proper authorities.

The annual "Charity Ball" is managed by a committee representing several hundred society subscribers—the net proceeds being appropriated to childrens' hospitals, orphans, homes, &c, some $12,000 or $15,000 being usually realized. The attendance on these occasions represents some of Philadelphia's oldes and best families, and everything that wealth and cultivated taste can do, to insure brilliant success, is here brought into requisition. To give anything like an intelligent description of the floral display alone, would take a column of the NEWS. There are magnificent fountains of real water around which, are massed hundreds of lilies, as it springing from a mound; there are azalia trees in bloom in great numbers, one tree alone having over three thousand owers. The pillars and facings of the balcony are beautifully decorated with evergreens, with festoons of rare flowers and hanging baskets in moss and colored plants, while the stands for the musicians are quite hidden by thickly clustered palms and tropical foliage.

The dress, especially of some of the ladies, on these occasion, is something wonderful to behold, married and numarried alike coming out this season in sleeveless dresses with low corsages, and gloves, as a rule to reach nearly to the shoulder, and such a display of rich laces and diamonds! the value of the latter worn by one lady at the "Charity Ball" is reported to have exceeded thirty-five thousand dollars, consisting of bracelets, double string of diamonds around her arms, earrings, coronet, necklace, buckles for lace of dress at arme and shoulders, and comb for back hair. "Charity" indeed! one of the grandest of words, expressing the highest and hollest feelings of the human soul. Is not much that is frivolous, if not absolutely sinful, done in thy dear name?

"OZNOLA."

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, the President, rose from his chair in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
cut him down,
Not a better man was found
by the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest.
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. HIRST & co. of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of Ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion, Dyspepsia (and all its concomitants), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headaches, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common coughs and colds, vanish at its touch Prices 50 cents and $1 a bottle, Larger size the cheaper

Bowker, Torrey & Co.,
Manufacturers of
MONUMENTAL WORK
In both
Marble and Polished Granite,
118 PORTLAND STREET,
Corner Chardon and Bowker Streets,
—BOSTON—
Mr. Everett Torrey may be found at the wholesale department of
TORREY & CO.,
L-tf 61 Beverly Street.

ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
County of Plymouth
OF THE
Receipts and Expenditures
for the year ending
December 30, 1882.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in the Treasury, January 1st, 1882,	$17,567 63
County Tax for 1882,	45,000 00
From Temporary Loan,	20,000 00
Insurance Companys, (Settlement of Loss)	7,625 50
Auction sale after the fire,	45 97
Town of Brewster, on account of road construction,	7,146 38
Town of East Bridgewater, on account of road construction,	6,608 54
City of Brockton, on account of "Locating sewer" South Main Street, (Land Damages)	6,475 25
Towns, (Under act concerning Dogs)	6,479 77
Peddlers' Licenses,	129 00
Lease of Sewer,	15 00
Sundries,	8 50
Labor of Prisoners,	1,772 99
Sheriff (Fines and Costs)	1,292 17
First District Court, "	3,304 80
Second District Court, "	1,881 53
Third District Court, "	621 96
Fourth District Court, "	484 40
	$126,759 36

EXPENSES.

Paid County and Special Commissioners,	$1,900 00
Clerk of Courts,	431 72
County Treasurer, (11 months)	916 64
Board of Examiners.	36 00
Sheriff	900 00
Court House Janitor, (8¾ months April to date)	361 95
Master of House of Correction, (9 months)	562 50
Assistant Jailor,	1,200 00
Night Watchman,	800 00
Special Night Watchman,	18 75
Superintendent of Work Shop,	1,000 00
Chaplain,	75 00
Provisions,	4,490 28
Clothing for Prisoners,	84 40
Books " "	14 35
Medical Attendance,	65 00
Board of prisoners transferred to other prisons,	529 00
Discharged Convicts,	13 60
Advertising and Serving Road Notices,	481 12
Surveys & Estimates of highways,	190 40
Road Monuments and Setting,	201 00
Land Damages,	16,365 55
Allowance to towns of Bridgewater and East Bridgewater on account of highway construction,	6,575 00
Medical Examiners,	176 15
Costs of Committing Lunatics,	399 09
Storing Furniture after the fire,	24 68
Members of the Fire Department and others for labor on the night of the fire,	51 85
Special night watch at Court House during repairs,	156 00
C. G. Davis for rent of hall for February Term of Superior Court,	25 00
S. N. Turner, (insurance referee)	50 50
J. W. Beal, architect, drawing plans and supervision,	566 22
P. S. Burgess and others, contractors for repairing the damage done by fire, including enlargement of Registry of Deeds,	7,877 66
Iron Cornices,	560 00
Repairs on County buildings, including the painting of the outside of Court House, fence, etc.,	3,033 68
Furniture for County buildings, (the purchases made necessary by the fire amounting to about $1900)	2,415 13
Freight, Express, and Postage,	272 83
Water Rents and Ice,	118 25
Taxes and Insurance,	442 76
Gas and Fuel,	1,310 17
Incidentals,	88 86
Books of Record,	525 00
Law Books	371 75
Stationery.	168 94
Printing Blanks,	602 75
Advertising.	147 50
Clerk hire, Clerk's office,	22 89
Copying old plans and records, Register of Deeds office,	461 90
Classifying Indexes,	637 06
Damages under Act concerning Dogs,	1,076 00
Dividends to towns under said Act,	4,947 52
Payment of Temporary Loan and Interest.	20,384 72
Payment of Permanent Loan and Interest,	9,660 00
Costs in Criminal Prosecutions,	9,236 19
Deputy Sheriffs,	1,405 55
Jurors,	5,791 27
Constables serving Venires,	332 11
Auditors in civil cases,	213 60
Justice's salary, First District Court,	999 96
Clerk's salary, First District Court,	499 92
Incidental Expenses,	462 62
Justice's salary, Second District Court,	1,249 92
Clerk's salary, Second District Court,	649 92
Special Justice,	85 00
Incidental Expenses	485 92
Justice's salary, Third District Court,	699 96
Clerk's salary, Third District Court.	300 00
Special Justice,	115 00
Incidental Expenses,	535 55
Justice's salary, Fourth District Court,	799 92
Clerk's salary, Fourth District Court,	399 96
Special Justice,	35 80
Incidental Expenses	10 75
Balance in the Treasury, December 30, 1882	8,725 32
	$126,759 36

The Cash in the Treasury, December 30, 1882, is:	$8,725 32
There is due the County:	
On account of Highway Assessments,	$5,750 00
Rent of House	120 00
Interest on deposits	125 32
Laying out of Town Ways	100 00
Betterments, discontinuance of public way,	230 00
	$15,050 64
The unpaid bills and claims against the County, December 30, are about	13,500 00
The County owes on note dated February 4th, 1879	5,000 00
This loan was contracted in building the House of Correction and enlarging the Court House.	

CHARLES H. FAUNCE, JEDEDIAH DWELLEY, WALTER H. FAUNCE, } County Commissioners.

JOHN MORRISEY, County Treasurer.

PLYMOUTH, December 30, 1882.

PLYMOUTH ss. December 30th. 1882.

We have examined and compared the foregoing accounts and vouchers of the County Treasurer, with the records of the County Commissioners, and certify that they are correct

WM. H. WOOD, WM. H. WHITMAN, D. E. DEMOS, } Board of Examiners.

Collector's Sale.

The owners or occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in Scituate in the County of Plymouth and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the State, County and Town Taxes thereon severally assessed for the years hereinafter specified according to the lists committed to me Collector of Taxes for the said Town of Scituate for said specified years, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Town, remain unpaid, and said parcels of Real Estate will be offered for sale by Public Auction at my dwelling house in said Scituate on FRIDAY, February 23d, A. D. 1883, at four o'clock in the afternoon for the payment of said Taxes together with all costs and charges thereon unless the same shall be previously discharged.

Joseph N. Ellms, Estate, Scituate, Tax of 1876. Cedar Swamp 4 acres, near the residence of Homer Studley on Central St.	$1 35
Salt marsh 4 acres, near Hallets Island and near the house of Peres L. Litchfield	1 08
	$2 43
Tax of 1878, on same, Cedar Swamp,	$1 20
" " " Salt marsh	93
	$2 16
Tax of 1879 on same Cedar Swamp,	$1 33
" " " Salt marsh	1 05
	$2 38
Tax of 1880, on same Cedar Swamp,	$1 20
" " " Salt marsh,	96
	$2 16
Tax of 1881, on same Cedar Swamp,	$1 27
" " " Salt marsh,	1 02
	$2 29

ROLAND TURNER, Collector of Taxes for the town of Scituate for 1876, 1878, 1879, 1880 and 1881.

Scituate, Jan. 22, 1883. 4t

WILLIAMS'
PHOTOGRAPH GAR
now located on RIVER ST.,
SO. SCITUATE,
About one mile from So. Scituate village and two miles from Hanover 4 Corners, near Torrey's Trank Factory. Open
Thursdays, Fridays & Saturdays,
of every week for Sittings. Every style of Portraiture made.
Residences, &c., photographed to order.
Particular attention given to children and the copying of small pictures into any required size from card to lite, and finished in Ink, Crayon, Water or Oil Colors.
A fine assortment of Stereoscopes and views, Albums, Mats and Frames, of all descriptions.
Sittings made equally as well, or better, in cloudy as in fair weather. Children should be brought on pleasant days and before 3 P. M.
J. H. WILLIAMS,
16-3m PHOTOGRAPHER.

C. D. BARNARD.
Upholsterer & Harness Maker
HANOVER, MASS.
Funeral
AND
FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER.
The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is fully prepared to execute all orders in the Furnishing Undertaker's business, at his establishment on
CENTRAL STREET,
So. Scituate.
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Caskets, Coffins, Robes and Habits,
constantly on hand.
By strict attention to business, the subscriber solicits a share of patronage.
THOMAS J. STUDLEY.
So. Scituate, Sept. 28, 1882.

SOUTH SHORE HOUSE.
J. E. MERRITT, Proprietor.
Front Street, - - Scituate.
Permanent or Transient Board, by the Day or Week.
Livery, Boarding and Baiting Stable.
Depot carriages connect with every train. Beach and Pleasure Parties conveyed to any place desired at reasonable rates.

QUINCY MUTUAL
Fire Insuran e Company.
ISRAEL W. MUNROE, President.
CHARLES A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

Cash Fund, Jan. 1, 1882,	$440,183 00
Surplus over Re-Insurance,	253,507 74
Gain in Cash Fund the past year,	15,135 79
Gain in Cash Surplus the past year,	18,996 26
And every loss paid in full.	
Amount at Risk,	$5,509,944 00
Total Liabilities,	186,673 26

Dividends paid on every expiring Policy; 50 per ct. on 5 yrs., 30 per ct on 3 yrs., and 20 per ct. on all others. nov25tf
M. B. COLMAN, Agt. Scituate.
E. T. FOGG, Agt., So. Scituate.

Edward O. Cooke,
COUNSELLOR
—AND—
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 47 COURT STREET, - BOSTON
Near the Depot, Scituate, Mass.

Buy the
Razor Blade
AXE.
Sold by all Hardware Dealers. 8

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys, girls, wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you near so well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

S. A. MORLEY & CO.
DEALERS IN
Fine Groceries,
Teas, Flour,
&c., &c.
Central St., Scituate Centre
We have opened the Centre Variety Store with a line of selected goods and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. 12tf

TEETH R. J. CHILDS of Winter St., Boston, is inserting Teeth on his new method for $10 a set. Now is the time to secure $20 for $10. All Work Warranted. novtt-1y

Farmers and others desiring a genteel, incrative agency business, by which $5 to $20 a day can be earned, send address at once, on postal, to H. G. WILKINSON & co., 136 and 137 Fulton Street, New York. 12-6m

Old Colony Railroad.
On and after Oct. 16, 1882, trains leave Boston for
North Scituate, Egypt and Scituate, 7.30, 11.00 A. M.; 3.50, 5.30 P. M.
Greenbush 7.30, A. M.; 3.50, 5.30, P.M.
East Marshfield, Seaview, Marshfield Centre, m. Marshfield, Webster Place m. 7.30, A. M.; 3.50 P. M.

Trains for Boston Leave
Webster Place 6.54 m, A. M.; 4.54, m, P. M. Marshfield, 7.. 7.56, A. M. 4.56 P. M.
Marshfield Centre, 7 05, m. A. M.; 5.06, P. M.
Sea View, 7.08, A. M. 5.11, P. M.
East Marshfield, 7.12, 8.06 A. M.; 5. 16 P. M.
Greenbush, 7.16, A. M.; 5.21 P. M.
Scituate, 7.32, 8.13, A. M.; 12.40, 5.36, P. M.
Egypt, 7.37, A. M.; 12.46, 5.31, P. M.
North Scituate, 7.31, 8.20, A.M.; 12 50, 5 35, P M.

Trains For Cohasset
Leave Boston, 7.30, 11.00, A. M. 2.30, 3.50 Ex., 5.00, 5.30, 6.25 11.10c P. M. For Boston leave COHASSET 6.45, 7 39, 8.35, 9.58 A. M., 12.56, 4.05, 5.40 and 9 20c P. M.
c Tuesdays and Fridays only.
m stop to leave passengers off when flagged.
J. R. KENDRICK, Gen. Sup't.

STONINGTON LINE
TO NEW YORK, $3.00.
Express train leaves Boston & Providence R. R. Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 5.30 P. M. The train stops at Providence only between Boston and Stonington. Drawing-room car on Express Train.
Tickets and State-rooms secured at 214 Washington corner State street, and at Boston & Providence R. R. Station.
J. W. RICHARDSON, Agent, Boston.
A. A. FOLSOM, Supt. B. & P. R. R.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A beautiful dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & prevents dandruff and falling of the hair.
Sold by R. H. Hinds & Co., N. Y.
FLORESTON
Equals the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. For sale by the best druggists everywhere.
TOSS Cologne, signature of Hinds & Co., N. Y., on every bottle. If not for sale, at druggists, dealers in perfumery, send 75 cts., or 1 oz. sample to Hinds & Co., N. Y.
COLOGNE

BUY THE BEST.
POST & CO'S
AMERICAN STUDENT LAMP.
IMPORTANT! REMEMBER THAT THIS IS THE ONLY LAMP
IN WHICH BY TURNING THE DRIP CUP THE LIGHT IS REGULATED
AMERICAN STUDENT LAMP
POST & CO. NEW YORK
GUARANTEED THE BEST.
STRONG, STEADY LIGHT.
SIX TIMES CHEAPER THAN GAS. By long Experience we are enabled to make the BEST *STUDENT LAMP MADE*, and the *ONLY* one that raises and lowers the wick as shown in cut. Fully covered by letters patent. Price, Nickel Plated, $5.00. Liberal Discounts to the Trade. Send for Catalogue.
POST & COMPANY,
Manufacturers and Patentees,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dr. FRANKLIN JACOBS,
Dentist,
WEST SCITUATE, MASS.
Persons desiring work done at their homes, send postal as above, which will receive early attention.

$66 a week in your own town. Best outfit free. No risk, everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work write for particulars to H. HALLETT & co. Portland, Maine. 19-1y*

Pine Wood
FOR SALE.
Strait sapling Pine, in lots to suit.
E. P. WELCH & SON,
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